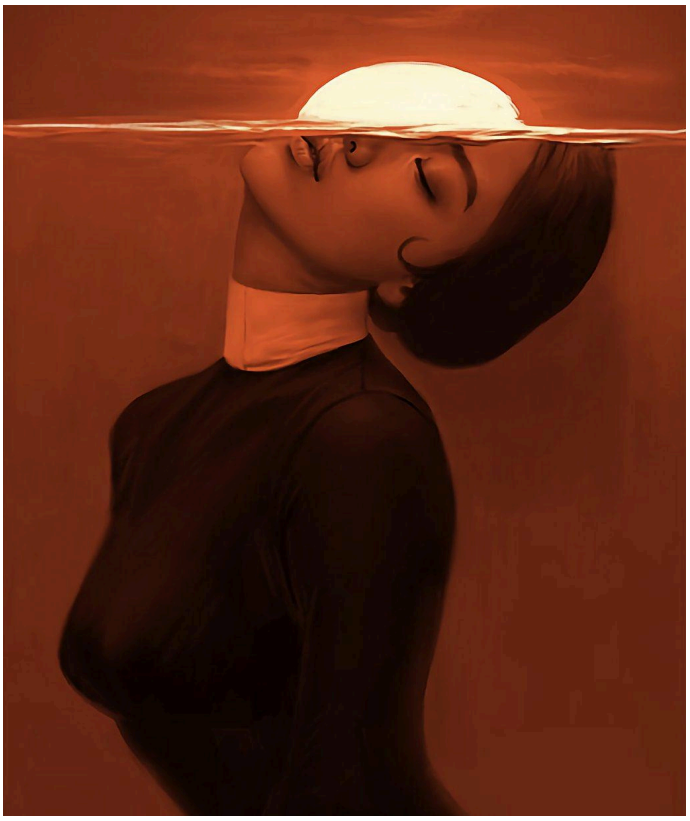
Heartfelt,



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Dedication

This is a book dedicated to the hearts that have ever felt, either loved or worthless. Hearts that have experienced heartbreak and those that have experienced true love. Most importantly to the hearts *(friends*) that had their views on certain aspects of life, this is all for you.

Enjoy!

Kind[1] (*noun)*

I was the centre of gravity,
By which I knew how to win hearts that used me to balance.

I became a cuticle,
Which you depended on to make your nails look more prettier.

It was chancy yes,I never had confidence in myself.
I always asked myself what you saw in me,
A charmer, I guess.

Heartfelt,

Lie *(verb)*

My words were sweet,
They slipped out of my mouth without me knowing the impact they will have on you.

My touch was like that of an angel,
It healed wounds but left permanent scars.

My love seemed deeper than the Ocean,
But I knew it was not enough to fill a water tank.

Heartfelt,

Sorry?

If I could I would,
I would still please you without having to deceive or mislead you.

I weakened your confidence because I wasn't sure of mine.
My demeanor has changed,
But I know it will be so hard for you to believe that because I was a jerk and I know it.

I'm now centrifugal,
Because I now know that not everything revolves around me.

Heartfelt,

Why *(adverb)*

I've been asked so many times why I had to break hearts that had nothing but pure feelings for me. Hearts that reciprocated the same energy I gave off, hearts that once made me drown in euphoria.

My answer is never clear but a shrug says a lot,

The lies I've told have sold so many dreams that never got the chance to come true.
I was tired of lying to protect one's heart, what about mine? I guess I took the chance to be called heartless just to escape from the tight chain that was halfway into locking my heart away forever.

Why?
I also ask myself the same question, but I'm still not sure if I can answer it YET.

Heartfelt,

Brittle,

Understand, my soulful states differ. Sometimes I feel too much and just want to be left alone -- sometimes I want to be held and babied. I know I'm like a confusing book cover with chapters that may leave your mouth wide open. I'm not broken nor hurt, I'm traumatized by words I always get to hear on a daily basis. My mind still displays the images of what happened that day, erasing the crooked smile that's mostly plastered on my face if not always.
Remember trying to forget a traumatic event is not accomplished overnight.
"Do you want to talk about it?" A question that sometimes come with genuine intentions of helping someone feel better. I just don't like it because my answer will always be a simple NO. Not that seeking help will do me no good, sometimes talking is exhausting. Explaining to get misunderstood is frustrating. It's just vague.

Heartfelt,

Lust *(noun)*

"Am I allowed to smoke in here?" I asked her as I was looking around the room we were in. "Yes you are", she said before writing down on her notebook. I really didn't want to be here but I wasn't forced to come either. I took out a fresh rolled blunt from the coat I was wearing, placed it in between my lips. Her gaze was fixed on me till I lit up the blunt. "Is that marijuana?", she asked ready to note down whatever my response was going to be. "Yes" i answered looking straight into her eyes noticing how beautiful they actually were. Her skin had no mole just flawless making me think of how she maintained it.

She remained silent as she watched me inhale and exhale the smoke of my blunt. My high started taking over, causing me to get hit by different emotions at once. I smiled and layed low on the couch with my hand touching the ground.

"How do you feel now?", "Better than when I first came into this room" I answered back. "I appreciate your honesty and by the look of things you don't want to be here. Am I right?", she asked with her voice sounding so far away yet her face was so close I was eager to hold her cheeks and kiss her. "Yes ma'am" I finally said.

"Sydney" I looked at her before letting my feet touch the ground as I changed the position I was in. "You can call me Sydney" she said once more with a smile forming on her face.

The sound of her voice made me admire her. My view of my therapy sessions were suddenly changed by her as a whole. I just wanted to see more of her, maybe steal a kiss or two but most importantly allow her to break the walls I've built in me because the weight was starting to get heavy on my shoulders.

Heartfelt,

A letter from a broken heart,

You broke my heart and left me asking myself what I did wrong. I showed you nothing but love but you still left me like I had no worth. You never texted nor tried to call.
I heard from a friend of yours that you had changed numbers. I guess you didn't want to hear from me no more. I still cry when thinking about you. I want to hate you but I can't, instead I keep falling more and more in love with you. My heart aches at the sound of your name, seeing those around you now being so happy having you. I already forgave you but I still don't want to forget you.

Your love made me feel safe, your words kept me going each and everyday. The smile that would form on my face when you would tell me I'm beautiful. The hand gestures you used when describing your love for me. I felt important.
But you left me clueless, without no explanation and I don't think you ever felt any guilt. You was just so hard to understand but I tried my best because loving you was the only thing that kept me sane.

After you left, I didn't see no reason to live. I tried taking my life a couple of times. I'm now called a psycho for still being in love with you even after all you've put me through. I'm still seen as weak for holding on to something that's never going to come back to me. I'm still laughed at by the friends I bragged about you to.
Neither less I don't care.
I guess pain is my new friend now and all of this isn't healthy but holding on to you is the reason why I'm still alive.

Yours truly,
Unknown
Heartfelt,

Apologies,

My deepest apologies to all the girls whom I toyed with their feelings just to satisfy my needs. I apologize for making y'all look cheap and worthless. I swear that wasn't my intention. Back then, I saw nothing wrong in what I was doing. I labelled y'all as hoes who would jump on the first ring when I called. I never cared about your feelings hence I never asked about how y'all felt.

I'm sorry I always had to throw y'all out when we were done having sex. I made some of y'all insecure, made some of y'all question your worth. A girl shouldn't do that. She must always know that she's worth more than a dime. She's indeed the most precious thing in the whole universe. She should always keep her head high, smile all the time and not frown questioning whether she's good enough or not.

I'm really not proud of myself for that and I could never have any excuses for the disrespect I showed y'all. I genuinely apologize though nothing can ever change how I made y'all feel.

I'm sorry.

Heartfelt,

Kegan's interlude,

Heartbreak,
To me heartbreak feels like a real heart attack or heartache. It feels like I have chest pains especially on the left side.
I don't really know if it's only me or I'm exaggerating but it feels like you can't breathe for a moment ,like you could die but you don't want to die.
I have experienced heartbreak,
And it's a feeling I wouldn't wish upon anyone.

Heartfelt,

Lose to Find,

Sometimes, you get to realize that you are just not the person you used to be. Some situations force us to change it be for the good or the worse. The feeling of missing someone is sometimes associated with how you feel when you are around that person, it's beautiful and it's really tolerable.
It's a whole different story when you are missing yourself, reminiscing about the old happy you and that is really unbearable.
Sometimes-- to be yourself you have to be humiliated, mocked and you have to feel pain. All that makes you strong.
It's just some other things you have to go through to eventually find yourself all over again.

Heartfelt,

Kyle's interlude,

Love,
Well I believe real love exists.
Sometimes I feel like people who are broken on the inside are the one's full of love,
And I am talking about people with trust issues and insecurities. All they need is somebody who is understanding, somebody who's patient with them and also someone to give them reassurance.
They can be too hard on themselves and you too,
But all you need to do is try to build them back to normal without having to make them feel worthless or not enough.

Heartfelt,

Learned *(adjective)*

I sat in silence in Sydney's office waiting for her to arrive. I've been doing this for almost a month now, arriving early to just sit there and stare at the walls and sometimes look at the pictures of her and her family. Sydney was a married woman, a great mother and a very supportive friend. I had also stopped smoking because I learned that she didn't like smokers. Not that I wanted to impress her but because I had gained so much respect for her.

"You early yet again" I heard her say as she was entering the room. I smiled, excitement taking over me. I had missed the feeling she was giving me, the feeling of being loved and for once understood.

"Yes, I was looking forward to seeing you again" I said. "But you were here yesterday", "I know". She smiled and took out her notebook.

Sydney had broken down my walls, she made me feel comfortable in telling her anything and everything. From my life, love life to my future goals. She allowed me to speak my mind, allowed me to tell her about my love language and gave me a platform to make myself heard without being judged.

"What has love taught you?", she asked. "Love has taught me patience, love has taught me how heartless I can be and love has taught me that my feelings are not the only thing I'm responsible for."

Back then, I didn't love myself hence it was easy to break hearts because I wanted the same hearts to feel how I felt. A bad move that led to me being called self-centred.

"How do you feel now?"

"Now I feel, happy. I've learned to love myself and if this is how happiness feels like, then I forever want to feel this way."

Heartfelt,

Blur,

They talk about diamonds but never about their demons. They talk about all the glitter but never about the struggle. They talk about heaven and never about hell-- remember, not everyone is comfortable about talking about their L's. So don't try so hard to fit in, because sometimes the good display is just a cover up. We don't know what happens behind closed doors.

Heartfelt,

Bird's-eye view*(noun)*

Beautiful lady who seems to have no flaws,

I know that Sin city isn't meant for an angel like you.
Yeah, That's how I view you.

Heartfelt,

Now vs. Always,

The only person who will always have your back is you, they might say "I'll never switch up on you" now but that's never guaranteed.

The importance of self, is always.

Heartfelt,

Foolhardy *(adjective)*

You threw a grenade at me and I was foolishly glad to catch it. You spoke gobbledygook and I foolishly agreed with whatever you were saying.
Yeah, that's how foolish I was for you.

Heartfelt,

”

Is letting go easy or hard for you?

Think about it.

Heartfelt,

For me,,

Letting go for me is easy and it gets mistaken for never having love at all. But no, it becomes easy because I know we both deserve better. If us trying only makes things worse, why would I want to hold on to you and waste your time? Why would you want to waste mine? Letting go isn't really something I'm scared of. I guess I've made peace with the fact that it's something that you bound to do someday. I peacefully forge ahead with no regrets or whatsoever, wishing greatness upon the next person too.

Heartfelt,

Part time lover,

I'm standing in a lonely road,
with the wind blowing in both sides of my face.
I'm reflecting back on when I was your dealer,
Now you visit through my pill, like the addiction I always knew.
Part time lover,
Your heart was warm but the air was cold,
You surely was worthy of my love.

I was gone by the morning,
Running away from the redemption that kept me warm.
Now you visit through my pen, like the sweet words I never spoke.
Part time lover,
Please don't ever think you weren't enough.
I've made mistakes, I guess I'll see you in another lifetime.

Heartfelt,

Heartfelt,

1.You can keep your bad advice, what I'm about to do has nothing to do with you.

2.When no one's around me, I won't let my heart get filled with malice. I'll take that as a chance to find my balance.

3.I'm heading home to a different time zone. When the sun is low that's my time to shine more.

4.I'm facing my fears and facing my truths. I'm working on myself, I'm not sorry.

5.I won't allow anyone to see through the surface of my layers, I won't allow anyone to use my weakness against me even those who helped in making the solid layer possible.

6.I'm eliminating all distractions and integrating all my passions. I am enough and I'm going to make it like the diamond in the rough.

7.I will start considering myself and learn how to trust my authentic voice.

8.I'm not afraid to damage my image. I'm in need like the tree need the sun. I'm becoming an addict for growth.

9.I'm willing to trade some relationships for the peace inside. It's my decision because I've realized I also deserve to glisten.

10.I'm learning to ask for forgiveness and not permission. I will keep on transcending to greater heights and fulfilling all my desires.

Snegugu's interlude,

Denial,
Well denial is refusing to accept something that is actually true. It occurs in every serious situations. I was once in denial, at that state I just felt everything hit all at once. I wanted to speak with so much sobriety yet that would have been me denying the truth. I was trying to protect myself by refusing to accept the truth about something that was happening in my life. I stopped living in divine denial, because I realized I cannot change what I have no control over.

Heartfelt,

: "I love you more than I love myself."

I smiled and looked at her, then said

"That's not love baby, that's suicide."
- S.M

Heartfelt,

Allow Me,

Your heart has been broken multiple times, that I know. I'm not here to finish off what they started. I am here to be the glue that can be able to mend your heart, the light that can make you escape from your dark past.
Just allow me to make you smile again. Allow me to be your most memorable moment and forget the one's that made you fall apart. Allow me to kiss your lips and let you taste the sweetness of my forever truthful words. Allow me to start this amazing journey with you, journey filled with patience and understanding. Allow me to be your balance, your favourite daydream and your most addictive sin.
Allow me to massage your scars till they eventually heal, allow me the chance to prove that my intentions are pure. Allow me the chance to make you understand that there's nothing wrong with you.
Your overthinking mind deserves the understanding partner in me. Your insecurities deserve the daily reassurance of my love for you. Your trust issues deserve my trustworthy heart with no shady dealings.
Allow me to wipe the tears that they left before they get dry on your beautiful face. Allow me to love you, allow me to show you how it should have been done from the beginning. Allow me to hold your hand and lead you to nirvana.
Now, allow yourself to love again and learn to trust again.

Most importantly,

Allow us to paint this beautiful picture and make it last forever.

Heartfelt,

Thank you for reading❤.
Yours truly,
Sinethemba Mnukwa